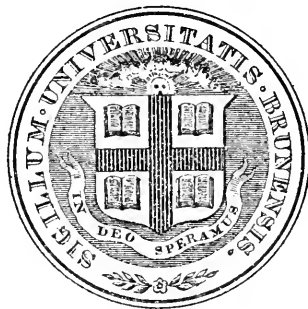


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RHODE ISLAND
ARBOR DAY
MAY 12-1933
WOODLANDS

C. PERRY

FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL PROGRAM

FOR THE

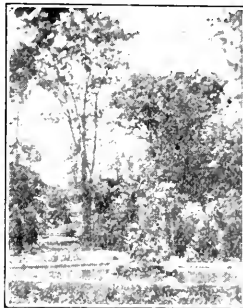
OBSERVANCE OF ARBOR DAY

IN THE

SCHOOLS OF RHODE ISLAND

May 12, 1933

(Edition of 100,000)



THEODORE ROOSEVELT
BIRD SANCTUARY

THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION
STATE EDUCATION SERVICE
RHODE ISLAND



GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL FOREST



WICKABONET STATE FOREST



CLEARING IN GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL FOREST

State of Rhode Island
Public Education Service

COMMISSIONER'S ARBOR DAY MESSAGE

To Teachers and Pupils of Rhode Island Schools:

Today you celebrate the tree as all the race of man has done before you. Your Arbor Day revives the ancient festival of trees, observed in many lands in remembrance of their ministration and of all nature's bounty. The school's observance of the day perpetuates a goodly custom for coming generations.

You keep Arbor Day to cherish in the schools a love of trees as examples of the earth's beauty and symbols of the earth's goodness. Arbor Day reminds the school of man's social duty to preserve natural beauty and safeguard the earth's increase. It was appointed primarily to promote the planting of trees with the thought that he who plants a tree serves himself and does a kindness to others. This is the thought in centuries old proverbs: "He that plants trees loves others besides himself" and "He plants trees which may be useful in future ages."

Trees do not live for themselves alone but for other living things. While they make homes for birds and other creatures and protect the soil, they are protected by birds and are dependent for their life upon air, water and earth. As a friend writes elsewhere in this program, "Every part of nature helps and at the same time depends on some other part or parts."

We learn much from trees in art, literature, history and school programs, but we come to know them as we do other friends only in intimate companionship. A writer of long ago said: "You will find something more in woods than in books. Trees and stones will teach you that which you cannot learn from masters." To sing of their beauty, to appraise their utility, to recount their story gives knowledge of trees and prompts greater interests in them; but to plant them, to care for them, to become a brother to them is to enter their fellowship in spirit and truth.

The acquisition of two state forests prompts a return to forestry as the special feature of this program. Rhode Island now has more than sixty parks, camplands, reservations and other open spaces, comprising 11,312 acres, a list of which appeared in the program for 1930.

As an Arbor Day wish, may earth's new springtime bring our school folk new light and gladness and may their hearts be cheered by the voice of spring.

"I come, I come! ye have called me long.
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars, in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass."



Commissioner of Education.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM FOR ARBOR DAY, 1933

SPECIAL THEME: PUBLIC FORESTS AND WOODLANDS

CHORUS

SCRIPTURES

ARBOR DAY MESSAGE

SONG

RECITATION

ARBOR DAY REPORTS: TREES OF SCHOOL, PARK AND ROADSIDE

RECITATIONS

SONG

GROUP EXERCISES

ADDRESS OR ESSAYS; OUR STATE FORESTS

CHORUS

PLANTING OR DEDICATION OF A SCHOOL TREE

So go you how or where you may,
By pasture path or meadow way,
If you but keep an open mind
From nature's largess you will find
A rich requital in the day.—*Clinton Scollard.*

THE TREE LOVER

If you love a tree, we are brothers!
All over the world, there are others
Who love many things: azure sea,
Or a robin-redbreast, or a bee
That's drowsing above the white clover.
There are lovers always, the world over.

But lovers of trees stand apart,
For trees strike down deep in the heart.
A man or a dog, we may help without end,
But a tree, living beauty, is ours to defend.
If you love a tree, in your heart is a shrine,
For the love of a tree is a love half divine.
—*Kalfus Kurtz Gushing.*

WHEN MAY COMES INTO TOWN

When May comes into town
The little houses wear
A lovely ribbon of sunshine
As a child might in her hair.

And the streets are all new-brushed
March-swept and April-clean,
And in among the cobble-stones
Are tiny flags of green.

And little windows burst with blooms
And children come out to play,
And the organ man comes instead of a thrush
To tell folks it is May.—*Annette Wynne.*

It is a characteristic of country people that they do their own thinking and are not easily swayed by the whims and caprice of the multitude. This is in a measure due to the fact that they are much alone in their formative years in the fields and woods. This very faculty of making up one's mind is a priceless trait in a time when the very cords of civilization itself are cut asunder and the world is adrift.—*Frederick A. Wilmot.*

MARKET DAY

Within a maze of purple
Of tangerine and red,
I wander from tomatoes
To lustrous cabbage-head.

Shall I take home the scarlet,
A basketful of greens,
Or shall my purse be emptied
For pink and silver beans?

A drift of fragrance weakens
Original intent;
I see Madonna lilies
And squander every cent.—*Katherine Ventres Welch.*

Appreciative recognition of services in the making of this program is gratefully extended to Dr. Marion D. Weston, Mrs. Alice Hall Walter, Mr. Raymond W. Perry, Dr. Clara E. Craig, Mr. A. W. Hurford, The Providence Journal, and others who have contributed to it.

FROM THE SCRIPTURES

Behold, the Assyrian *was* a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs.

The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high with her rivers running round about his plants, and sent out his little rivers unto all the trees of the field.

Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth.

All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations.

Thus was he fair in his greatness, in the length of his branches: for his root was by great waters.

The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty.

I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches: so that all the trees of Eden, that *were* in the garden of God, envied him.

To whom art thou thus like in glory and in greatness among the trees of Eden? yet shalt thou be brought down with the trees of Eden unto the nether parts of the earth.—*Ezekiel*, XXXI; 3-9, 18.

IN SNOW-HUSHED WOODLANDS

The footsteps of the wind that shuffled
Through the crackling leaves of fall.
Along this wintry trail are muffled.
Hemlocks huddle with a shawl
Across their backs, their gossip ended.

Only the Cinderella brook,
(Midnight's magic stroke suspended)
Hastens, with no backward look.
Along the stairs, her slipper-patters
Echoing. That crystal sound
Against the walls of winter shatters
Woodland silence too profound.

—*Colette Burns.*

REVEILLE

Gray dawn withdraw,
Day open wide your morning door.
And from the hills outpour
Your golden store.
Sweet bird awake.
No longer shall the night
In tented tree conceal
Your rhapsody.
No longer bud and bloom
In cloistered gloom
Shall unadmired lie.
Let hill and vale awake,
Let mount and meadow cry—
Awake! awake! awake!

—*Robert E. Key.*

Spring keeps her promise. The sun rides daily higher in heaven, and the face of the earth smiles up to it in response. Her message is Hope, but not Hope alone. With it is Faith, which is the substance of things hoped for. Our eyes see but the surface of Nature. As children of Eternity, we have the right to look beneath the show of things, as in a printed word we discern not merely the sound which the letters represent but also the inner meaning, for which the visible word was written. At no season of the year is the Divine message so attractive, so comforting, so compelling as in the Spring. Why not let the light and the warmth, the birds and the blossoms, bring it to our hearts while they delight our senses? Why not let the fields and the woods bear us the spiritual message which they brought to Him who gave us the deeper meaning of Easter?

—*Providence Journal.*

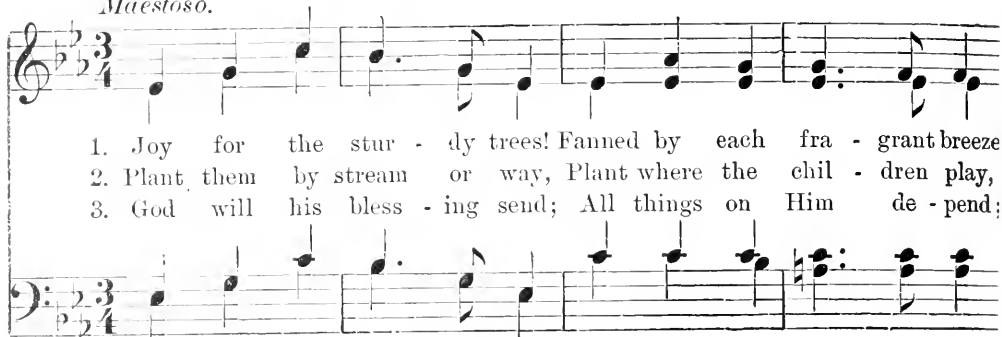
ARBOR DAY SONG.

S. F. SMITH.

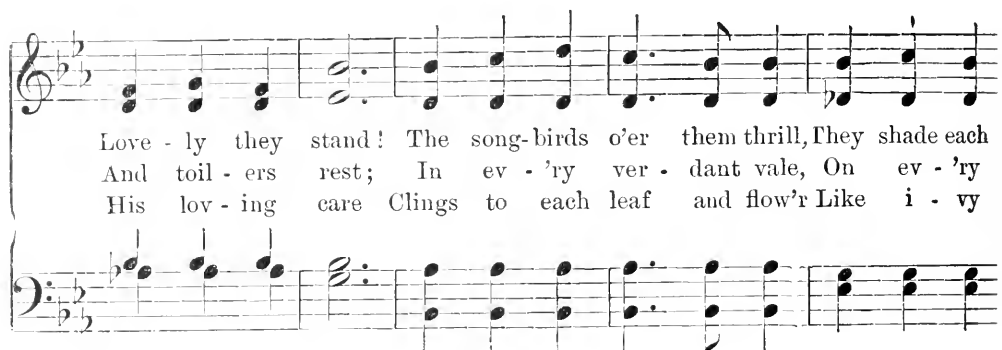
GEO. ELGAR OLIVER.

Author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

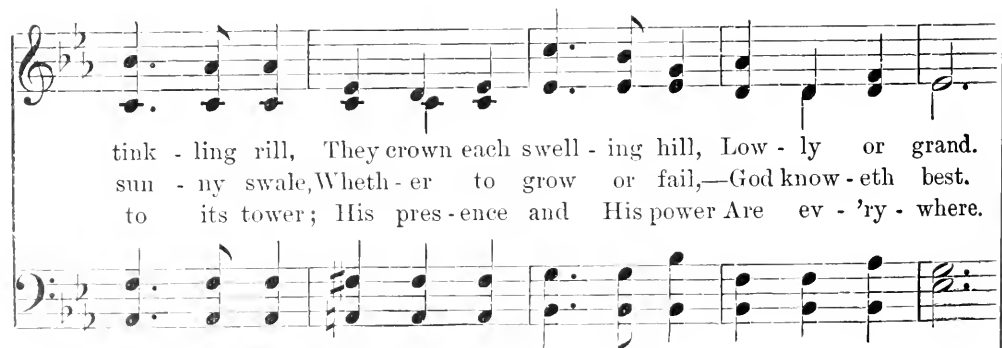
Maestoso.



1. Joy for the sturdy trees! Fanned by each fragrant breeze
 2. Plant them by stream or way, Plant where the children play,
 3. God will his blessing send; All things on Him depend;



Love-ly they stand! The song-birds o'er them thrill, They shade each
 And toilers rest; In every verdant vale, On every
 His loving care Clings to each leaf and flower Like ivory



tinkling rill, They crown each swelling hill, Lowly or grand.
 sunny swale, Whether to grow or fail,—God knoweth best.
 to its tower; His presence and His power Are every-where.

From "Academy Song Book," Ginn & Co.

SPRING SONG

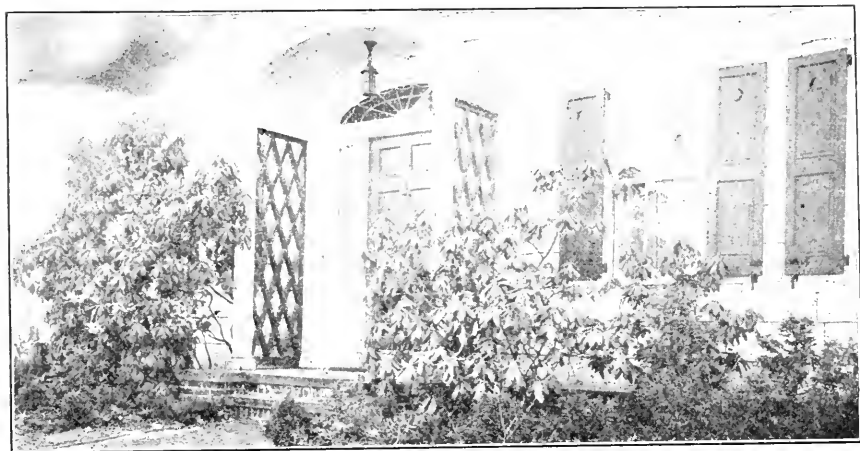
The sweet wild dogwood wears its flowers
 Through silent shadow-patterned hours,
 And ivory cream-cups make a star
 Where robin and wake-robin are.
 The judas-trees let crimson drip

From each spire-pointed finger-tip,
 And bishop's croziers unfold
 To dust the ginger-root with gold.
 Then, gathering all her loveliness,
 Spring goes, and leaves us no address.

—Audrey Wurdemann.

ORNAMENTAL EVERGREENS

By Marion D. Weston, Ph.D.



Ever since the days when Colonial Mothers tried to make their crude dwellings more homelike by setting out roses and lilacs from Old England ornamental planting has been practiced in New England. Those early gardens were practical as well as beautiful, supplying the needs met by drug store and market today. Fences were an absolute necessity to keep out wandering cattle, who might appear, off schedule, for their grass-cutting appointments—praiseworthy but futile attempts by man and beast to compete with the modern lawn mower.

Very few evergreens were planted in those early days. Much of New England was covered with virgin forest of pine and hemlock which had to be ruthlessly attacked before the settlers could build their homes in the clearings. No wonder roses were preferred to pines when it came to ornamental planting!

Deciduous trees seemed more cheerful and friendly than evergreens. The elm was an early favorite both near the house and along the road side. Providence has many wonderful examples. One of the largest elms is the grand old giant so carefully preserved in Congdon Street at Prospect Terrace. Although Thomas Angell would be sadly bewildered at the constant stream of autos racing madly along his street, his eye would rest approvingly on the cathedral arches overhead.

As the years passed, easier living conditions made it possible for more time and strength to be devoted to beautifying home grounds. The Norway Spruce and Arborvitae came into favor for boundaries and drive ways. These evergreens made excellent windbreaks, proving themselves useful as well as ornamental.

A generation ago, when it became the fashion to plant a Blue Spruce in the center of the tiny lawn space on either side of the front walk, evergreens finally came into their own as ornamental trees. It was soon learned, however, they had been put in the wrong place; that those tiny lawns, made necessary by crowded city conditions, looked vastly better without them.

Better far to select low forms which may be planted close to the foundations of the house, thereby making lawn space seem larger as the eye travels from the green of the grass to the green of the shrubbery. The house has become part of the land. The passing of the front fence allows both house and land to become a part of the community, with lawn extending unbroken to the sidewalk, which may be imagined as a path leading from door to door. Low hedges provide privacy or protection without suggesting aloofness.

Skillfully arranged plantings come to the aid of the architect by softening harsh lines and concealing inartistic features. Blank wall spaces are rendered interesting and drain pipes are concealed by slender tree forms flanked with shrubbery. A more unified and pleasing effect is secured when foundation materials are covered. However the growing tendency to carry building material

down to the ground is going to change the character of foundation planting. It will no longer be necessary to have solid arrangements as there will be nothing to hide.



CHINESE JUNIPER — RETINOSPORA

Small trees and shrubbery are also useful in concealing the garage and the back yard fence. Even the clothes yard may be screened so effectively as to add a distinct element of beauty to the general setting of the house.

An almost endless variety of evergreen and flowering shrubs bewilder the homeowner when he attempts to landscape his grounds. Leonard H. Johnson in "Foundation Planting" suggests the part that may be played by Ornamental Evergreens:

"The very nature of architectural planting calls for the free use in foundation planting of evergreen trees and shrubs because of their year-around effect and the endless variety of types, heights and outlines available among them. Almost any architectural effect desired in foundation groupings can be supplied with one or other evergreen. There are tall, spiry trees, stately pyramids, dwarf cone-shapes, globes, spreading and trailing types, and shrubby ones. They furnish pronounced outlines against the house and express intentions more precisely than most deciduous materials. But the too exclusive use of evergreen trees and shrubs in foundation planting would cause undue monotony and would be an unreasonable denial of the charm of all manner of flowering things, of the delights of budding foliage, or berried shrubs and autumn tints. Where it is at all possible these elements must be present in the setting of the home. And it is nearly always possible to include them. Ideally, evergreens are used where accents are desired, while in places of lesser architectural importance flowering or otherwise attractive deciduous materials are grouped."

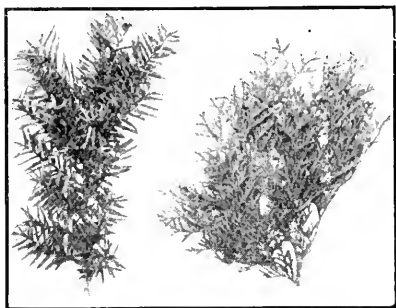
Two shrubs combine the beauty of their evergreen foliage with lovely flowers. Rhododendrons demand but little sunshine making them available for northerly fronting homes. Their foliage furnishes a most interesting thermometer during cold weather. On a warm winter day the shrubs will hold out their leaves in true summer fashion; each leaf is flat and standing at a wide angle to the branch. Cold days make the leaves roll up tightly and hang downward as thought to muffle

themselves against the cold, much as we turn up our coat collars and withdraw into their warm snugness.

Mountain Laurel leaves are the most beautiful of our broad-leaved evergreens, combining well with the Rhododendrons. The delicate beauty of their flowers is just as appealing as when found in their native haunts.

The elaborate formal garden of Washington's day made liberal use of another broad-leaved evergreen, the box. Although rarely seen in exposed locations in New England, the box gives charming results as a tiny edging plant along walks and gardens about colonial homes.

In strong contrast to the long story of service of the box in American garden-making comes the new little Japanese Spurge or *Pachysandra*. Already this low growing broad-leaved evergreen is proving itself indispensable because of its willingness to grow in deep shade. In foundation planting it is frequently placed beneath the taller shrubs to make a complete ground cover.



ARBORVITAE — JAPANESE YEW

Dwarf evergreens of the narrow-leaved or needle type are widely used today. Their bewildering variety would make their acquaintance a hopeless task were it not for the fact that five or six genera will include the forms in most constant use. In fact if we eliminate the easily recognized Hemlock, Pine and Yew the number dwindles to three: Juniper, *Arborvitae* and Cypress. These genera occur in almost infinite variety.

Young specimens of our native hemlock give a dainty, graceful effect but should never be allowed to grow tall. Unfortunately no satisfactory dwarf form has been found.

A very few dwarf Pines are on the market, one of the most satisfactory being the *Mugho*—a variety of the Swiss Mountain Pine—with short needles arranged two in a cluster. The form is low and spreading. It is unwise to try to use small specimens of tree forms. This is also true of the spruce which has no dwarf form.

Most of the Yew seen about New England homes is of the Japanese variety, since the Yew of English Literature has not proved hardy in this climate. Whatever its origin the Yew is easily recognized by the rich blue green of its needles which keep their color better through the winter than any other genus. Juniper and *Arborvitae* especially are apt to grow rusty. The needles are long and pointed like those of the spruce but resemble hemlock needles in their flat character. The fruits are unique: little fleshy cups bright scarlet in color, each containing one black seed. Pine and Yew are used in informal planting where they are allowed to grow as they please with extremely satisfying results.

To those who have picked blueberries in pastures abounding in ground Juniper, it is amusing to see the catalogs announcing a variety of this same shrub for sale at \$1.00 per plant. It never was anything but a pest in the eyes of the farmer! Prostrate Junipers with their wide-spreading branches are extremely useful to the landscape architect in unifying a group of shrubs of varying heights as well as concealing the soil about the roots of taller shrubs. Frequently the

foundation planting may be extended out beyond the corners of the house making a high building look lower, more in keeping with the surroundings.

The native red Cedar, in reality a Juniper, has an unusually symmetrical outline. Schuyler Mathews wrote of "hillsides ornamented with its Gothic figure (indeed its contour is strikingly suggestive of the pointed arch)." This Juniper is just as striking when brought into captivity as it stands erect against some uninteresting wall space or frames a doorway or lends accent to a corner planting.

Pyramidal Arborvitae are also in great demand for the same purposes. They are used to break up the monotony resulting from too many dwarf varieties.



RHODODENDRONS IN FOREST

Their pillar-like forms blend with the architecture of certain types of dwellings in a thoroughly pleasing manner. They introduce a touch of formality wherever they are used. This note may be relieved by combining with them the less artificial looking Juniper and Yew or accentuated by carefully trimmed shrubby forms of Arborvitae and Cypress. A more or less formal treatment seems fitting about a colonial mansion while the cottage or bungalow type of architecture calls for more informal planting.

Many globe and conical forms of *Arborvitae* are used extensively in semi-formal as well as formal planting. These varieties should be trimmed in early spring to preserve the shape and insure dense growth.

Both *Juniper* and *Arborvitae* have the curious habit of producing one kind of needle when extremely young and deliberately changing the pattern as they grow older. The immature type is usually long and sharp, the mature, short and blunt. On the older branches the tiny leaves give a braided effect.

This habit has been commercialized in the cypress group with beautiful but puzzling results. The young phases of certain species with their long sharp needles have been preserved by cuttings taken from the original plants before they had begun to develop the older scale-like leaves. Apparently the process postponed the second phase indefinitely. These forms are the *Retinosporas* of the catalog. The name is also applied to certain cypresses showing adult foliage.

Almost every foundation planting contains some forms of *Retinospora*. They are frequently used in massed arrangement near doorways. Care must be taken not to overcrowd. Unless one can guarantee courage to remove some plants after two or three years it is absolutely necessary to plan for the room which will be needed by each specimen. While in massed planting the individual does not stand out by itself but merges into the general effect there is yet need to make sure that every member of the group has sufficient space for development.

Many of our ornamental evergreens would never have become available without the Arnold Arboretum in Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. Trees and shrubs from all parts of the world are tried out there to determine whether or not they are hardy enough to live in New England. With an occasional exception from Central Europe, such as the Mugho Pine, the evergreens merely repeat the already familiar story: Asiatic plants—especially those found in China and Japan—are much more likely to thrive in New England than European varieties.

IN MAY

All down the lane the leafage crept,
A hardy bud slipped out;
In rosy cap and doublet green,
A laughing, saucy scout.

The violet waved cap of blue,
And timid bloodroot shrank,
But dandelion kept the field,
And cowslip held the bank.

A white flag waved above the hill
From winter's crumbling lair;
Then bluebird thrilled his bugle call,
And spring was everywhere!

—Grace Stone Field.

DEEP COUNTRY

Give me deep country. Country still
May lie the other side o' the hill,
Not country where the townsfolk come
But where my heart would still be home
With reaping folk and roving folk
And who should care for Whar's o'clock?
Under a mountain, by a stream
Of such felicity I dream
No rich men mar that paradise
With screaming cars on the black ice.
The highway once again should be
For little folk like you and me,
And flocks of geese and sheep and herds
And all the hedges full of birds.
To that deep country peace I know
One day I shall pack up and go.

—Katherine Tynan.

A PAINTED SCROLL OF SUMMER

Between the sunburnt fields of grain
The feathered pear-trees step in rows,
And bluer than its jeweled name
The sand-pent sapphire water blows.

Along a ridge the angled pines
Repeat their inky accent lines.
Here is a birch-tree like a bird;
There a white heron like a tree
Stands in the shallows quietly.

But when a sudden voice is heard
The heron curves its wings to fly
And blossoms on the sunny sky.

Bertha Ten Eyck James.

THE OPEN ROAD

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me.
The long brown path before me, leading wher-
ever I choose.

Henceforth I ask not good-fortune, I myself am
good-fortune,
Henceforth, I whimper no more, postpone no
more, need nothing,
Done with indoor complaints, libraries, querulous
criticisms,
Strong and content I travel the open road.

The earth, that is sufficient;
I do not want the constellations any nearer;
I know they are very well where they are;
I know they suffice for those who belong to
them.—Walt Whitman.

A STATE FOREST PROGRAM FOR RHODE ISLAND

A. W. Hurford, Associate Forester, State Department of Agriculture

(See pictures on page 2)

Forestry deals with the management and perpetuation of forests. It seeks to prevent destruction and injury by fires and other agencies; to replace forests after cutting; to furnish a permanent supply of wood material for use, and to develop skillful and economic methods of utilizing forest products. Forestry deals with land utilization on a large scale, with problems of the industrial upbuilding of local communities in forest regions, with protecting the sources of water supplies, and with securing other public benefits that are derived from the existence of well-managed forests. Forestry is practiced not only to grow tree crops, but to provide protection for wild life, to encourage outdoor recreation, to control water run-off, to prevent erosion, and to create many other forest values.

Interest in forestry has developed gradually but steadily in the United States. Rapid depletion of our forest resources has focussed public attention. The federal government, through its Forest Service, has established national forests, reclaimed idle lands, instituted fire prevention, and has attacked the problem of waste of forest products. The area of the national forests under federal government ownership on January 30, 1932, was 161,360,691 acres, or four times the area of the New England States. State governments have taken action to conserve their forest resources. New England state forests total 270,772 acres, or twice the area of Rhode Island.

A general program for forest development was adopted by the New England Forestry Congress in 1929. One objective of the congress is to restore depleted and deteriorated forests in New England to full productiveness, as sources of raw materials for its industries, as watershed protection, and for recreational and scenic values. It is recommended that state ownership of forest land be extended to include 10 per cent of the forest area of the region.

Naturally we are interested in knowing why Rhode Island needs forests. Providence drinking water comes from the Scituate reservoir. This reservoir obtains the water from streams running through thousands of acres of land which are chiefly wooded. If northwestern Rhode Island were not sufficiently wooded regulated waterflow would not be possible. Forest needs are appreciated by the reservoir service. Several hundred thousand small forest trees have been planted on open lands drained by the reservoir since 1926. Forest fire patrolmen are on duty during all periods of forest fire hazard to safeguard the woodlands. Other cities and towns in Rhode Island also take active steps to safeguard their wooded watersheds, particularly Pawtucket and Woonsocket. Trees not only regulate the waterflow, but serve indirectly to purify and to give better water supplies.

The thousands of hunters and fishermen who go into our Rhode Island woodlands each year to hunt and to fish would find little wild life if it were not for the coverage which trees give. If fire and destructive lumbering were permitted to devastate completely our woodlands, thousands of citizens would suffer. Nature lovers seek the woodland paths and remote spots for change of scenery, fresh air, and natural beauty; these people are interested in well-stocked stands of valuable trees. The influences of trees and other vegetation on climate are known. The effect of trees on erosion of soil is important; Rhode Island, except for rare cases, is fortunate in having sufficiently wooded areas to minimize this problem.

Business men should appreciate the value of rural industry which will be important again, once our forests are replenished. The lumbering industry was important here in years past. Portable saw mills dotted the landscape. Unfortunately, many woodcutters strip woodlands instead of making selective cuttings and leaving young growth for the future. This butchering eventually will cease. A change of lumbering practices depends somewhat on success in educating woodcutters and in obtaining sufficient public interest.

In Rhode Island over 3,000 farmers and others control woodlots. In normal times these woodlots supply wood crops or give part of the farm income. The returns from certain farm woodlots have paid all of the farm taxes. More than 50 extensive woodland properties in the state comprise over 500 acres each. A few areas are managed as wooded estates. Some owners value their woodlands to the extent that they own forest fire trucks and spend considerable sums in eliminating fire hazards, patrolling for fires, reforestation denuded areas, pruning trees, and doing similar work. One land owner recently gave woodland to the State to serve as a demonstration forest.

Certain lumbermen also control large tracts of woodland, gradually cutting the trees whenever markets are favorable and trees are large enough to cut. Tracts of woodland held for recreation or similar purposes are increasing rapidly. The Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, Grace Church, and Brown University have woodland camps. Hunting and fishing clubs also own woodlands. The Rhode Island Fish and Game Association controls a few thousand acres of land in West Greenwich. The Audubon Society has its own forests. Many public and private organizations have watershed holdings to regulate water supplies for both drinking and power purposes. At least nine public and private agencies control such water supplies in Rhode Island.

Thousands of tourists pass through the state yearly and are attracted by fine roads. A beautiful and well-developed wooded countryside would do much to attract vacation seekers. New York State considers woodland development of great importance in encouraging a tourist industry. Millions of dollars are being spent in that State to purchase and reforest wastelands useless for other purposes than forestry.

Rhode Island people go to northern New England or elsewhere, to find only what may be found nearer home. Few realize that Rhode Island has many beautiful woodland scenes. A cedar lodge and evergreen trees beside a waterfall less than twelve miles from Providence suggest the rugged northern New England country.

Forestry is a national problem, for no state is independent of the other. Millions of board feet of lumber are brought to Rhode Island from other parts of the nation. Forest fires in the United States during 1930 cost \$180,000 daily. No country can stand such a drain on its forests for any great length of time. Unless methods of handling our forests are improved a time will come when we shall have no forests left.

Our forests have many social, spiritual and economic effects on people in all walks of life. The idea of public ownership of forest land for demonstration, production, and conservation purposes is accepted throughout the country. Foresters think that an extensive forestry interest has developed in the leading forestry states only through the acquisition of public demonstration areas. Until Rhode Island develops an effective state forest program, forestry will not be accepted as a practical science locally. Public examples of forest management encourage

the practice by private individuals. The State is best fitted to take the initiative in such a long-time undertaking and investment. The State can afford to create future forest values, especially so when the cost involved is relatively small. The State and all its citizens will benefit from improving rural countrysides and making woodlands more productive.

During the past year the State has received two forests as gifts. One tract of 225 acres was given to establish George Washington Memorial Forest during the bicentenary. This memorial project was sponsored by the Edgewood Women's Club. This first State forest is situated in the western part of Glocester adjacent to the Putnam Pike. Wickaboxet Farms, Inc., of West Greenwich gave the State a wooded area of 260 acres in West Greenwich, to be known as the Wickaboxet State Forest. The deed of gift provides that it shall be used for protection of certain wild life, as well as for forest demonstration and experimentation purposes. An appropriation for maintenance is needed before the forests can be properly managed for demonstration and experimentation purposes. The Commissioner of Agriculture is authorized, with the approval of the Governor, to accept gifts of property for forestry purposes.

George Washington Memorial Forest in Glocester will serve as a demonstration area of forestry practice. This is partly because of its accessibility, its growth, and local conditions. It should serve also as an educational center for forestry interests. Over 3,700 small pines and spruces were planted last year; the woodland along the Putnam Pike was thinned 30 feet back from the road, and certain other areas were thinned and cleaned. One main road leading into the forest was improved through the removal of rocks and by gravel fillings, and five trails were brushed out, making the forest more accessible for protection and management purposes. A small combination tool house and headquarters cabin was constructed, the area was surveyed, and much miscellaneous work was completed. The area was patrolled during the period of forest fire hazard. During the past winter a crew of men has worked in this forest on an unemployment relief project, burning debris, eliminating fire hazards, and doing other improvement work.

The Commissioner of Agriculture recommends that at least three state forest districts be established in western Rhode Island. Eventually each should include 5,000 to 10,000 acres; that the state acquire, through gift or purchase, demonstration woodlots located adjacent to state highways; that funds for acquiring land be obtained by annual appropriations rather than by bond issues; that a forest acquisition program be authorized whereby the General Assembly would appropriate \$10,000 annually for a period of 15 years; that annual appropriations be made to provide for maintenance, protection, and improvement of state forests.

THE CARDINAL

A cardinal upon a tree
Carols a joyous song to me.

I pause upon my lonely way
To hear his golden roundelay.

I tell myself, he sings as though
My need for comfort he must know;

As if from his high place he sees
Man's weary spirit ill at ease.

And seeks, with his melodious song
To cheer the wanderer along.

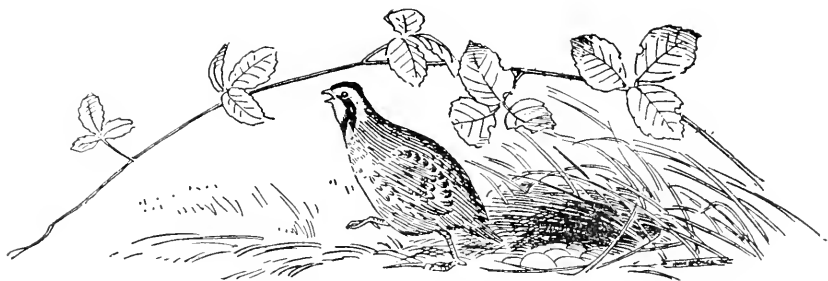
Thinking his music meant for me,
I closer move unto the tree.

But seeing me, to my dismay,
He stops his song and flies away,

Hoping to find, before too late,
A safer place to woo his mate.

Blessings to mortals often fall
That are not meant for them at all.

—Edgar A. Guest.

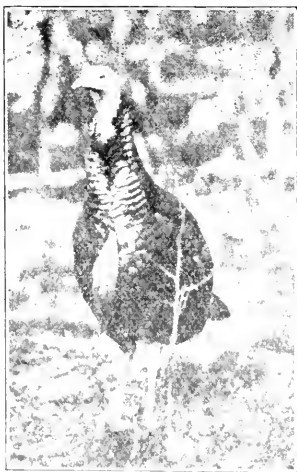


THE BIRD'S WORLD

By Alice Hall Walter

"I took my rifle to see if the woods or the river could furnish anything. After being refused a turkey by an old Delaware Indian woman who had a large flock of turkeys, a multitude of quails were plaintively whistling in the meadows, but nothing appropriate to the rifle was to be seen except three buzzards, seated on the spectral limb of an old dead sycamore, that thrust itself out over the river from the dense, clammy wall of fresh foliage. Their ugly heads were drawn down between their shoulders, and they seemed to luxuriate in the soft sunshine that was pouring from the West. As they offered no epicurean temptations, I refrained from disturbing their enjoyment, but contented myself with admiring the calm beauty of the sunset,—for the river, eddying swiftly in deep purple shadows between the impending woods, formed a wild but tranquilizing scene. . . . As other viands were not to be had, the cook set before us a repast of biscuit and bacon and a large pot of coffee."—*Francis Parkman, in Oregon Trail, 1846.*

Conditions have changed within the last century so greatly in respect to bird life that a survey based on facts regarding the bob-white or quail alone would throw much light on the kind of world in which not only bob-white but also all other birds are now placed. When the wild turkey was widely distributed and abundant, hunters and pioneers, seeking food, were more concerned to bring down larger game than quail with their precious ammunition, as well as to secure an adequate supply for their needs with the least expenditure of time and effort. A significant point about Parkman's narrative is the way in which he forgot his disappointment when the Indian woman refused to sell him a single turkey out of her large flock, and when no other game except three disjunct turkey buzzards (carrion-eaters or scavenger birds) were to be seen. He was able to find beauty in the sunset in spite of fatigue and hunger, and even shared the restful enjoyment of the buzzards, when he knew there was scant prospect of a full meal in camp.



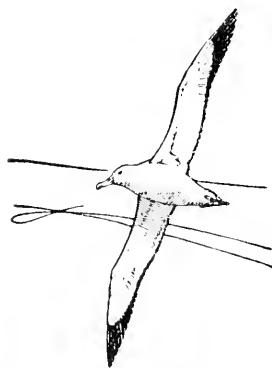
WILD TURKEY

In those days, when this country was still largely wilderness, people did not have accurate knowledge of the value of birds to man. Today we can obtain the actual figures that set the seal of "beneficial," "neutral" or "non-beneficial" upon our bird neighbors. The food habits of bob-white, for example, which is both a weed-seed and an insect-eater, are so highly beneficial to agriculture that many efforts have been and are being made to acquaint people with the facts.

The value of birds as a part of nature is even less understood than their value to man, except by scientists. It is, however, a subject of absorbing interest, for the reason that birds are just as much a part of nature as trees or any other living things. Birds have their work to do, trees have their work to do; every part of nature helps and at the same time is dependent on some other part or parts. It would be impossible to understand what is meant by the bird's world without first grasping this great truth.

Our own world, as we live in it day by day, is much smaller than the bird's world, because we cannot fly, and even with automobiles and airplanes, few can afford the time or money to travel very widely.

The wandering albatross, "the largest bird that flies," which measures twelve to fourteen feet on spread wings, spends days in flight traveling thousands of miles over the ocean.



ALBATROSS

One of the first facts to learn about birds is that the majority of them live in one place in the winter and in another place in the summer. A few kinds of birds, called permanent residents, remain all the year in one locality, traveling a little, but not far when distance is reckoned by flight. A very few, the bobwhite for example, which is also resident, stay even more closely in one place. But if these few are compared with the hundreds of kinds of birds that fly long distances between their summer and winter homes, it is clear that for most birds, the world is a very big place.

The Arctic tern makes a trip of 11,000 miles each fall, and again a return trip of the same length in the spring, covering the distance from as far north "as the most northern Eskimos live" south "to the distant shores of unexplored lands of the Antarctic continent." This bird "sees more hours of daylight and of sunlight than any other creature on earth." When it arrives in northern Alaska, Melville Island and northern Greenland to nest, the midnight sun is shining and never sets before it starts back to its winter home where during its two months' stay it is light throughout the twenty-four hours of the day. What a remarkable, what a vast world this tireless traveler over trackless oceans and along the coasts of many countries sees!

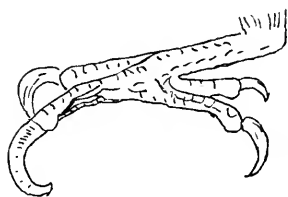
The habit of going from one place to another each year is called *migration*. Although birds have had the migratory habit as long as their history can be traced back through the ages, no one can yet explain exactly the reason for it. Sometimes the migration of birds is referred to as "the mystery of the ages," but so many people are interested in solving this riddle that before another century, an answer may be found that will stand the test.

It is probable that by migrating from a winter home in the south to a northern home to nest and bring up the young birds, there is more room for the thousands of birds that take this long journey each year to build well-protected nests in areas where there is a good supply of food.

A second fact about the bird's world relates to the manner in which birds get their food. Since the two main objects of all living creatures are to get food

and to make homes in which to care for their families, it is of great importance that they should have the right tools to work with. That is just as true of birds as of human beings. It is a wise provision that all birds do not eat the same kind of food, otherwise there might not be enough to go around. You would have little idea of how much it takes to feed nestling birds until you have actually tried to get enough to satisfy a single baby bird for just one day.

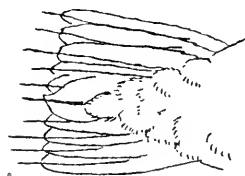
By observing the *structure* of birds (that is, the way they are made), you will quickly see that some birds have long legs, others short ones; some, very long slender wings, others not so long and broader; that their tails may be long or short, pointed, round, or notched. When it comes to feet and beaks, there are so many different sizes and shapes that you might wonder how there could be kinds of food enough to suit all these peculiarly *specialized* tools.



Climbing foot of
Woodpecker.

Look at a woodpecker with bracing tail, whose feet act like clamps with two toes in front and two behind, and whose marvellous beak works like a pick sometimes, or again like a drill, and in addition to all this array of tools, has a tongue that shoots out an inch or more like a long brush or scoop. Compare this bird with a chimney swift that has small weak feet, a stubby tail fitted with spines

at the end to serve as a brace when the bird is at rest. Unlike the woodpecker that needs a tail-brace and clamping feet to help hold it in position while drilling into trees for wood-boring insects, the swift seeks its food on the wing. A swift's long, narrow wings and slender body present a striking silhouette in the air, resembling a miniature airplane. The bird is hunting small flying insects as it flies. The best tool it has is a big mouth which opens very wide (but without entangling whiskers or hairs at the sides) smaller although much after the pattern



Tail of Chimney-Swift
showing spines for
bracing.

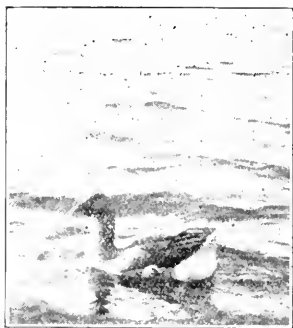


Bill of Whip-poor-will,
showing bristles for
catching insects.

of the whip-poor-will's mouth-trap. By cutting through the air at high speed and turning as it flies, first on one side and then on the other, the swift quickly gathers into its mouth food enough to carry home to its nestlings, huddled on a curious nest of twigs that is glued like a bracket to the inside of a chimney or cave. Sometimes during a summer storm the young swifts fall out of the nest down to the hearth, if the chimney throat has been

left open. Of all the nestling birds they seem the hardest to feed by hand.

Since birds are fish-eaters, seed-eaters, fruit-eaters, insect-eaters and flesh-eaters, their food is made up of many kinds of living things in water, air and on land. The bird's world, therefore, extends to every part of the world that we can see in every direction, as far up as the eagle flies in the heavens, down into the water as far as grebes and loons and ducks can dive, and from every stretch of



ground through bushes, marshes, woodland, along beaches, rocky shores, caves, to islands and up the sides of mountains.

A study of where birds find their food brings out a third fact, which shows that their world is very clearly related to ours in ways we are just beginning to understand. A bird like bob-white, living its entire lifetime within the radius of possibly two or three miles, needs either a large amount of one or a few kinds of food, or else some of many kinds. By actual test, bob-white eats as many as one hundred and thirty kinds of weed-seed and very nearly the same number of insects, many of them destructive to crops, showing how

thoroughly it gleanes the limited area in which it lives, and also how beneficial its food habits are to man.

A bird like the bobolink that nests and brings up its young in the north but passes the winter on the pampas of distant Argentina in South America, must find suitable food not only here, as well as in its winter home, but also along the coast by way of Cuba and Jamaica to the mainland of South America. In order to fly to Cuba, 150 miles of water has to be crossed. From there to Jamaica is another 90 miles, and then 500 miles more of water to South America makes the last lap of this long journey. Migrating birds need plenty of food to give them enough energy to cover such distances at a single flight, so very frequently they stop on the way to their winter homes in the fall to eat their fill whenever they find abundant food supplies. The bobolink is by nature a beneficial bird, feeding largely on destructive insects and weed-seeds. This is the reason why it is considered highly beneficial in Rhode Island and the North generally. When it reaches South Carolina and Georgia, however, its natural feeding-grounds having been planted to rice, it formerly feasted upon this unexpected abundance in such large flocks as to do considerable damage to the rice crop, at the time when more rice was planted than at present. In the South the bobolink is called the "rice bird" or "butter bird," because it grows so fat on the rice diet. When it reaches Argentina, it returns to its beneficial feeding habits while spending the winter on the pampas, although meeting with increasing danger, because there is no law there to protect it from being shot. It is one of the birds that has become much less common than it once was about our fields.

This leads to the fourth fact concerning the bird's world, that there are constant changes going on in it. When fires sweep through woodland, not only birds like bob-white and ruffed grouse, which nest on the ground, are driven out, but birds that nest in trees and second-growth have to seek a home elsewhere. It is the same when marshes are drained or roadside vegetation is cut out closely. The bird's world must be one where protected nesting-sites can be found and plenty of food. If we leave no place for wild birds in our world, we lose them as neighbors about our homes.

If you want your world to be bigger, study the birds' world and follow their travels, north, south, east and west. If you want to know how to use your hands and feet in more ways or more skillfully, watch birds, how they fly, how they get their food, how they make their homes. The last fact about the birds' world is that it is full of song, most of all during the nesting season, for song is a part of the home-life of birds.

NATURE STUDY BY CHILDREN

The following original compositions and poems were written by children six years of age, in connection with their study of nature in the Henry Barnard School.

We went to Roger Williams Park in the school bus. We went to study trees. We gathered leaves to bring back to school. After pressing them, we mounted the leaves. Then we put them in the library.—*Norma M. Ranger.*

We have been studying about trees. We learned about their shapes, leaves and fruits. Some of the trees we have learned about are the maples, oaks, poplars, weeping willow and tulip. I like the weeping willow tree best. It has long, narrow leaves and drooping branches. It grows near the water.—*Ann P. Di Stefano,*

A CHRISTMAS TREE

A Christmas tree so green and tall
Was standing in my big front hall.
But very soon we took it away
Into the parlor where it's to stay.
We dressed it up with colors bright
And now it is a lovely sight.

—*Elodie Farnum Staff.*

TULIP

Red tulips, white tulips how do you know
Just what kind of flower to grow?
Roses and daisies how do you know
Just what kind of flower to grow?
I like to see lilacs but how do they know
Just what kind of flower to grow?

—*Wilma Vroonan.*

FORSYTHIA

The forsythia bold
Is yellow as gold.
In the window it grows
As outdoors it snows.
The children outside

Are having a slide,
A forsythia fair!
At the window they stare.
They think of the spring
They sing and they sing.

—*Betsey Eaton.*

THE TREE WE PLANTED

One day we planted a little tree,
A little oak sapling, our comrade to be,
We named it Washington, and beside it grew,
Martha Washington, its mate so true.

We children laughed and thought it queer,
That month after month and year after year,
The oak would grow till a century away
Children would play 'neath it, day by day.

—*Dorothy Howard, Grade 7A, Barnard School.*

TREES

The Cedar tree, the Norway Pine,
Each one I love as though 'twere mine!
I sit beneath their shade all day
And talk to them, as just in play.

The Weeping Willow droops her arms
For passers-by to mark her charms.
I find her by the great blue lake
Her branches droop though wide awake.

The Birches white are lovely trees
I often hear them in the breeze
Telling of their vigil long
With ne'er a word or ne'er a song.

Each tells of all the things he sees;
Of all who pass 'neath watchful trees.
I love a tree, a lovely tree,
To lie beneath and talk to me,
And though I leave my trees at night
I go to them when day is bright.

—*Howard Pease, Grade 8A, Barnard School.*

SPRING GREETINGS

Days of sunshine,
Skies of blue,
Flowers in bloom
Of different hue.
Tell me of something,
Don't they you?

Why, Spring, of course
I knew you'd guess.
Is here again
In radiant dress
Of emerald green;
And roses blend
In crimson blossom.
And greetings send.

—*Sylvia Cokin,*
Jenkins Jun. H. S., Pawtucket.

'TIS SPRING

The world is waking up again
For gay spring-time is here,
The trees are putting forth their buds
And soft winds bring good cheer.

The flowers too are opening now
To show their glorious hues;
And birds are singing sprightly songs
To spread the gladsome news.

The song "'tis Spring" fills every heart
And as we go our way
The sun smiles down and makes us feel
We're glad to live today.

—*Virginia MacMillan,*
Jenks Jun. H. S., Pawtucket

OUR TREE PROGRAM

Grade III, Henry Barnard School. Miss Miriam Coplan, Teacher;
Miss Hannah M. Bergel, Student Teacher

The program opened with a display of charts, illustrative pictures, and ink prints made by the children in their study of "Our Neighborhood Trees and Their Leaves." The process of making ink prints was demonstrated by two pupils. A class notebook representing the entire semester's nature work, prepared by different members of the class, was displayed and explained. Two children then demonstrated the method they used in identifying the leaves of hard-wood and soft-wood trees.

This work was reviewed by use of the school lantern. Individual pupils explained, in their own words, slides on which they had drawn pictures of trees and leaves, telling about the classes of trees, their identification, the different types of veining and the various uses of wood.



The picture represents the cast of "How the Twig Grows." The development of the flowers and leaves from the buds of a Horse-chestnut twig was shown by this cast in a pantomime based on the 1923 issue of the Arbor Day Program. It was accompanied by a child at the piano. Another child explained the process of growth and the parts of the twig.

Two brown buds were fast asleep. They began to awaken when three dark gray clouds danced to and fro. The buds were not frightened because these clouds were friends, bringing them moisture. Another friend, His Majesty, the Sun, appeared radiating warmth. The buds then began to shed their brown scales, and their bright pink and yellow blossoms with their pretty green leaves were seen. On the arrival of a beautiful butterfly (near sun) all began to dance and sing their nature song, entitled "The Opening Buds."

The sun is represented by a large picture at the extreme left. The butterfly is standing by the sun. Children taking the parts of buds and clouds are dressed in crepe paper costumes. The class notebook is shown in the foreground. Charts in the background show mounted tree leaves, ink prints and a large drawing of a horse-chestnut twig.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE

Grade 6A, Henry Barnard School. Helen Marie Triggs, Teacher;
Frances E. Steffy, Student Teacher

There are many closely linked lives in the long chain of life. Each link or life is dependent on some other link for one or more things. Let us take for example the sea lizard, an animal link. The sea lizard is dependent on sea weed, a plant link for food. The trumpet vine, a plant link is dependent on the humming bird, an animal link for pollination, and therefore its life. Man, an animal link, is dependent on both plants and animals for food, clothing, shelter and protection. These are only a few of the many, many examples that we have all around us. Thus we see how each link is very necessary to make up the long almost endless chain of life.



During an entire half-year the boys and girls of Grade 6A devoted their nature periods to a study of this interdependence between plants and animals. The term, "Balance of Nature," began to assume real meaning as the weeks went by. An exhibit was prepared for the school library. In the picture a sea lizard modelled in plasticine, among seaweed covered rocks may be seen on the table. Beneath the model is a series of colorful posters illustrating the dependence of plants upon insects for pollination. Above the table are posters showing the important parts played by plants and animals in the life of Man.

TREES

The birch trees are so pale and graceful;
They are ladies.
The fir trees are so dignified;
They are soldiers.

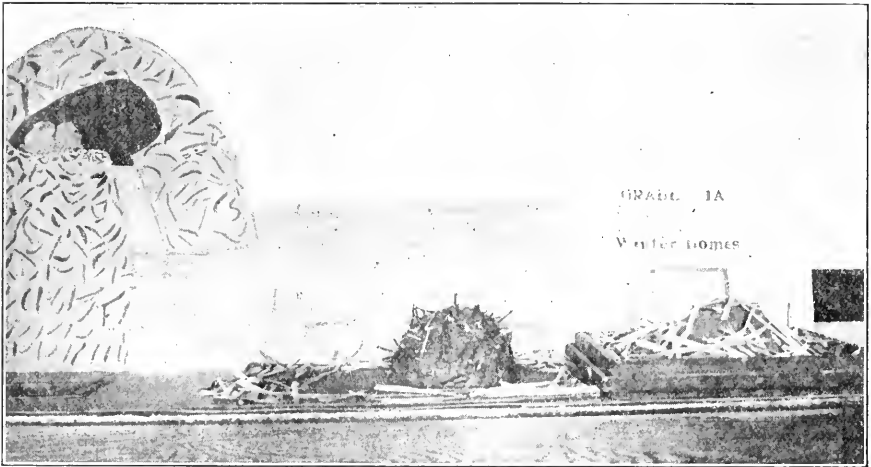
The pine trees are so huge and tall;
They are giants.
But I do love the tamaracks;
They are fairies.

—Jean Louise Leighton, Age 10.

WINTER HOMES

Grade I, Henry Barnard School. Mary F. McGuinness, Teacher;
Gertrude Mulholland, Student Teacher

During the early winter the children of grade IA made a study of the winter homes of different animals. They were particularly interested in the beaver and his habits. Two models of the beaver's home were constructed—one of plasticine, which the children covered with twigs to give it realistic appearance. The other was made of mud, straws, twigs and dried leaves. It was as perfect a reproduction as they could make. When these were finished the children were not entirely satisfied. They felt that they would like to show the location of the beaver's home, and the under water passage leading to it. It was decided that a painting would best achieve this purpose. This painting was the work of several pupils, and was a source of intense interest to the entire class. The accompanying picture shows the completed work on exhibition in the library of the Henry Barnard School.



FORESTRY FOR YOUNGSTERS

Wendell Smith of Huckins Hill, Plymouth, New Hampshire, has gone in for forestry in a constructive, modern way. He has pruned and thinned a three-acre stand of pine on the family farm, incidentally removing fifteen cords of wood, much of it suitable for fence posts, and winning the Grafton Country junior forestry championship.

According to the Manchester Union he plans to go through the three acres again in about ten years for improvement cutting, eliminating the less desirable trees and giving the others a better chance at plant food and light. If his determination holds and no forest fire or blight destroys his little plantation he will some day possess a valuable stand of timber. He is only seventeen years old now.

This boy's constructive ambition might well set others off on the same track. How many Rhode Island farms are there containing a grove of trees now neglected, but worth the time and labor to turn them from tangled wilds into real

forestry projects? And how many are there containing idle land which might be planted to trees of selected species?

The majority of adult Rhode Island farmers possibly have little time to bother with such matters, and perhaps their point of view is a little rigid also. Trees take a long time to grow, and unless a man has sons or daughters who would be likely to reap the benefits of his labor and foresight he could not count on reaping the harvest himself from timber grown from seedlings planted by himself.

But the youngsters, given permission, could certainly do it. No great labor would be required, and the cost of seedlings would not be great because the State each year places orders on behalf of citizens at very favorable prices. A number of valuable species well adapted to this climate are ordinarily available. Who wants to start a forest plantation, and grow up with it?—*Providence Journal*.

FINALE

THE AVENUE

Secure and silent lies my homeward way
Along this avenue; each turning brings
Fresh vision of green boughs, high swaying wings
Of birds that make me music day by day.
So well I know it, every living tree
Is as the dear face of a friend to me,
And as the unseen presence of a friend
Waits the dark house beyond the green lane's
end.—*Ethel Ashton Edwards*.

One glorious burst of color-music—'tis the last!
Skies tinted like a summer sea, one clarion note
of blue;

Maples, in high clear tones of flame, beside a
brook's cool silvery-green andante;
Birches, arpeggios of small lilting golden sounds;
Majestic minors of great bronze-and-copper oaks;
Mute music of wine-purple distances:
Hark, how they swell a mighty harmony!

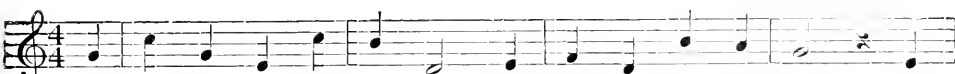
But ah, too soon they fade; and will be heard
no more
Until the first soft murmurings of spring.

—*Rose Korelewsky*.

THE ALDER BY THE RIVER.

CELIA THAXTER.

THOMAS McCORMICK.
Grade IX, C. F.



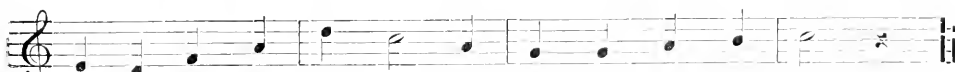
1. The al - der by the riv - er Shakes out her pow - dery curls. The
2. The ver - dant grass comes creep - ing, So soft be - neath the feet, The
3. And just as ma - ny dais - ies As their soft hands can hold, The



wil - low buds in sil - ver For lit - tle boys and girls. The
frogs be - gin to rip - ple A mu - sic clear and sweet. And
lit - tle ones may gath - er All fair in white and gold. Here



lit - tle birds fly o - ver, And oh, how sweet they sing, To
but - ter - cups are com - ing, And scar - let col - um - bine, And
blows the warm, red clov - er, There peeps the vio - let blue,— Oh,



tell the hap - py chil - dren That once a - gain 'tis spring.
in the sun - ny mead - ows The dan - de - li - ons shine.
hap - py, hap - py chil - dren, God makes them all for you.

VERSE FOR CHILDREN

By Annette Wynne in "All Through the Year"

ON GREEN-GRASS SEAS

On green-grass seas we're sailing along,
Singing a wonderful sailor song;
There's a beautiful sky, and an April breeze,
And we're sailing along on green-grass seas.

On green-grass seas we're sailing away,
Sailing away for many a day,
Sailing along as sweet as you please,
Singing a song on green-grass seas.

On green-grass seas our beautiful boat,
Brushes the dandelion stars as we float,
There's a song in the sky, and a song in the
trees,
And a song in our hearts on green-grass seas.

IF YOU WERE A LITTLE TREE

If you were a little tree
Deep in the wood as you could be,
O, how sweet to journey far
And on your forehead to wear a star!
To have the children in a ring
Gather about you and sweetly sing,
To think how lonely once you stood

A little tree deep in the wood;
And now to wear a silver dress
And feel this Christmas happiness!

Tell me if a little tree
Ever blessedder could be!

IT'S VERY IMPORTANT IN SPRING

It's very important in spring
That birds and children should sing;
It's very important that pipers should blow
So the little seeds deep in the ground will know.

It's very important in spring
That everybody should sing;
If the song just be merry, it needn't be long,
Little heads will thrust out at the hint of a song.

It's very important in spring,
That poets and brooks should sing;
It's best not to let spring wait
Too long at the garden gate.

It's a very important thing,
That poets and children and birds should sing,
And a hundred pipers their pipes should blow—
For it helps little seeds so much to grow.

THE STREETS OF THE BRANCHES

Along the streets of the branches
The bird folk wend their way,
They stop and chat for a moment
To pass the time of day.

Along the streets of branches
The bird folk wander by;
A mother bird may be there to chat,
Or a baby bird learning to fly.

Along the streets of the branches
Any time of day,
There are pleasant friends to meet
For all who go that way.

THE BIRD HELPS THE TREE

The bird helps the tree
And the tree helps the bird,
And everything good
Is "helping," I've heard.

For the bird helps the tree
And the tree holds the nest,
Both do for the other
Whatever is best.

And the bird give its song
And the tree gives its shade,
For helping each other
All good things were made.

SUCH A WEE BODY

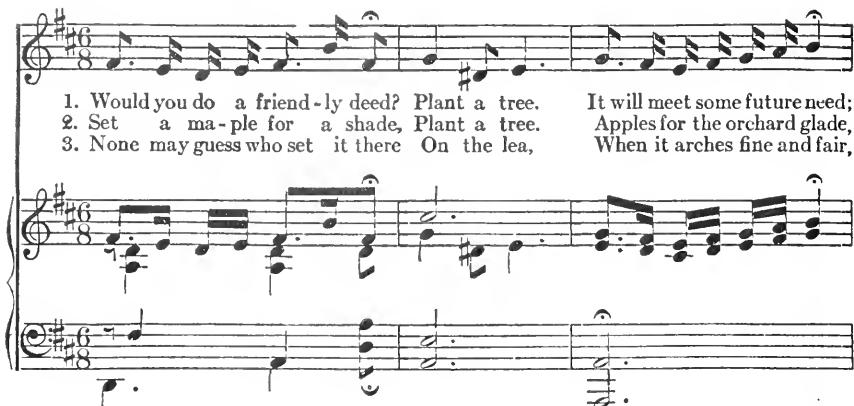
Such a wee body
And so far to go,
And no road at all,
And no signs to show;
And never a lantern
Or guide book to read,
How could it come—
The little lone seed?

Such a wee body
That found just the way,
It crept through the dark
To the bright Door of Day;
And it opened the door
And it lifted its head,
And stood a bright flower
In a child's garden bed.


PLANT A TREE

FRANCES CROSBY HAMLET.

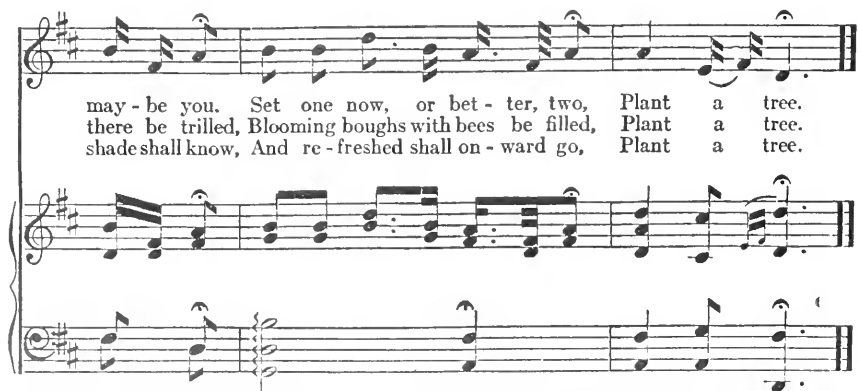
ALICE HESS BEVEREDGE.



1. Would you do a friend-ly deed? Plant a tree. It will meet some future need;
 2. Set a ma-ple for a shade, Plant a tree. Apples for the orchard glade,
 3. None may guess who set it there On the lea, When it arches fine and fair,



Plant a tree. 'Tis a lit-tle thing to do, 'Twill bless oth-ers,
 Plant a tree. Birds will come, snug nests to build, Count-less songs will
 Shel-tering-ly; But your gift will love-lier grow, Trav-el-ers its



may-be you. Set one now, or bet-ter, two, Plant a tree.
 there be trilled, Blooming boughs with bees be filled, Plant a tree.
 shade shall know, And re-freshed shall on-ward go, Plant a tree.

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